Price 5 Cents. Established 1887

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIV. CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 30, 1899. NUMBER 14.

BRIEF MEMOIRS OF EMINENT AMERICANS. **THE BEACON BIOGRAPHIES** *Edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe.*

The following volumes are published this Fall:

JOHN BROWN, By Joseph Edgar Chamberlin. FREDERICK DOUGLASS, By Charles W. Chesnutt.
AARON BURR, By Henry Childs Merwin.
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, By Mrs. James T. Fields. THOMAS PAINE, By Ellery Sedgwick.

The Following were issued in the Spring:

PHILLIPS BROOKS, By the Editor. ROBERT E. LEE, By W. P. Trent. DAVID G. FARRAGUT, By James Barnes.
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, By Edward Everett Hale, Jr. DANIEL WEBSTER, By Norman Hapgood.

Among those in preparation are:

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, By John Burroughs. EDWIN BOOTH, By Charles Townsend Copeland.
JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, By W. B. Shubrick Clymer.
STEPHEN DECATUR, By Cyrus Townsend Brady. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, By Lindsay Swift.
ULYSUS S. GRANT, By Owen Wister.
SAM HOUSTON, By Sarah Barnwell Elliott. THOMAS JEFFERSON, By Thomas E. Watson.

THE BEACON BIOGRAPHIES were issued to meet what, in the opinion of the Editor and the Publishers, was a direct need in American literature,—a series of brief, well-written, readable, and authoritative biographies of eminent Americans, to include, in the end, all whose lives were notably distinctive or typical.

In respect of manufacture, the Publishers have attempted to make a set of "little books" which should worthily compete, in all points of style and workmanlike thoroughness, with any of the well-known series which are made in England. Each volume measures 3¾x5½ inches, and is thus of a size to go handily into the pocket. The cover (in blind and gold on limp blue cloth) is by Mr. Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, who has done also the standing title-page for the series, which has been engraved on copper. The frontispiece portrait, which accompanies each, is in photogravure. The paper has been selected with great care, and the type used is a new face specially cut.

The notices of the Beacon Biographies in the reviews have been complimentary to a high degree. Thus, the Boston *Herald* says: "There is neither romanticism nor realism in the treatment; the effort is always toward the sanest, fairest, soundest reality." "As carefully prepared," says the New York *Times*, "as if they were so many imperial quartos." "The form of these little volumes," according to the *Nation*, "and the general tastefulness of the get-up are delectable." "They do more than languidly interest," says the *Outlook*, "they interest vividly; and their instruction is surprisingly comprehensive." The *Churchman* extends "a hearty welcome to this useful little series, which should bring many who shrink from attempting long volumes to a better knowledge of the men who have impressed their personality on the history of their country on the character of their countrymen." And the *Review of Reviews* says: "The five volumes thus far issued wholly justify all the promises made by the publishers."

PRICE, 75 CENTS A VOLUME.

For sale at all Bookstores and by the Publishers, **SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY, BOSTON.**

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL— PAGE
Notes 655
The Mid-Continent Congress of Religion 657
American Faith in Education—E. P. P. 657
GOOD POETRY—
Battle Hymn of the Republic—*Julia Ward Howe* 658
THE PULPIT—
A Thanksgiving Sermon—JENKIN LLOYD JONES 659
THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL—
VI —The Sibylline Oracles 662
THE STUDY TABLE—
Notes by E. P. Powell 663
A New Life of Horace Bushnell—FREDERICK STARR 664
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 665
Thanksgiving Hymn—ELVIRA FLOYD FROEMCKE 665
Carlo 665
Wealth Untold 665
THE FIELD—
Cincinnati 666
The Pacific Slope 666
A Prophetic World for To-Day—HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD 666
A Song of the Road—*James Whitcomb Riley* 666

Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

A Mid-Continent Congress of Religion,

(OUTLINE PROGRAM SUBJECT TO REVISION)

TO BE HELD AT SINAI TEMPLE, CHICAGO, DECEMBER 12-14, 1899.

TUESDAY, December 12.

OPENING SERVICE.

8 P. M. Address of Welcome by a lay representative of Sinai Congregation.

Response by the president, Rev. H. W. Thomas, Pastor People's Church.

Sermon by Galusha Anderson, S. T. D., LL. D., Professor and Head of the Department of Homiletics.

WEDNESDAY, December 13.

Morning

THE DEMAND OF THE TIMES.

10 A. M. Paper: THE DEMANDS OF THE TIMES UPON THE TEACHER OF THEOLOGY, by Herbert L. Willett, Instructor in Semitics in the University of Chicago, and Dean of the Disciples Divinity House.

10:30 A. M. THE ETHICAL DEMANDS OF THE TIMES (topic to be further stated), by Jane Addams of the Hull House.

10:50 A. M. THE DEMAND OF SOCIOLOGY THAT THEOLOGY BE ETHICIZED, by Rev. Graham Taylor, D. D., of the Congregationalist Theological Seminary and Warden of the Chicago Commons—Social Settlement.

11:30 A. M. TO 12:30 P. M. Discussion of previous papers

Afternoon.

THE CONSTRUCTIVE ELEMENTS IN MODERN THOUGHT.

2 P. M. Paper: SPIRITUAL GAINS OF THE NEW THEOLOGY, by Rev. Granville Ross Pike (Presbyterian).

2:30 P. M. VITALIZING INFLUENCES OF THE NEW THEOLOGY UPON THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF SCOTLAND, by Rev. David Beaton (Congregationalist).

2:50 P. M. HOW MAY RELIGIOUS ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE NEW THEOLOGY BE HASTENED, by J. J. Halsey, Professor of Political Economy and Dean of Lake Forest University.

2:30 TO 4:30 P. M. Discussion.

Evening.

A SEARCH FOR THE COMMON DENOMINATOR.

8 P. M. An open Court, Dr. Hirsch, presiding.

Ten minute presentation of the fundamental holdings of Baptist, Congregationalist, Independent, Methodist, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Universalist, Catholic, etc.

THURSDAY, December 14.

Morning.

PRACTICAL MEANS OF ADVANCING THE KINGDOM OF RIGHTEOUSNESS AND LOVE.

10 A. M. A conference for general discussion, no papers. Final adjournment 12:30 P. M.

A cordial invitation is extended to all interested of whatever name or locality.
Correspondence concerning the above meeting solicited by

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, General Secy., 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

MARRIAGE

INVITATIONS,
ANNOUNCEMENTS,
AT HOME AND CHURCH CARDS
PRINTED OR ENGRAVED.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.
SAMPLES SENT ON APPLICATION.

University Printing Co.,

3969 COTTAGE GROVE AVE, - - - CHICAGO.

NEW BOOKS

Life Beyond Death

By MINOT J. SAVAGE, D. D. 8vo, $1.50.

A review of the growth and changes of belief on the subject; and a study of the present attitude of the Church, and of scientific investigation; together with a consideration of the question whether personal existence after death is capable of demonstration.

More Colonial Homesteads

and Their Stories. By MARION HARLAND, author of "Some Colonial Homesteads." With 80 illustrations. 8vo, $3.00.

PARTIAL CONTENTS.

Johnson Hall, Johnstown, N. Y.—La Chaumiere du Prairie, near Lexington, Ky.—Morven, the Stockton Homestead, Princeton, N. J.—Scotia, the Glen-Sanders House, Schenectady, N. Y.—Two Schuyler Homesteads, Albany, N. Y.—Doughoregan Manor, the Carroll Homestead, Maryland—The Ridgely House, Dover, Del.

UNIFORM WITH THE ABOVE:

SOME COLONIAL HOMESTEADS and Their Stories.

G. P. Putnam's Sons,

27 AND 29 WEST 23D ST., NEW YORK.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

$2.75 BOX RAIN COAT

A REGULAR $5.00 WATERPROOF MACKINTOSH for $2.75 SEND NO MONEY. Cut this ad. out and send to us, state your height and weight, state number of inches around body at breast, taken over vest under coat, close up under arms, and we will send you this coat by express, C.O.D., subject to examination. Examine and try it on at your nearest express office, and if found exactly as represented and the most wonderful value you ever saw or heard of, and equal to any coat you can buy for $5.00, pay the express agent OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE, $2.75, and express charges.

THIS MACKINTOSH is latest 1900 style, easy fitting, made from heavy waterproof, tan color, genuine Davis Covert Cloth; full length, double breasted, Sager velvet collar, fancy plaid lining, waterproof sewed seams. Suitable for both Rain or Overcoat, and guaranteed GREATEST VALUE ever offered by us or any other house. For Free Cloth Samples of Men's Mackintoshes up to $5.00, and Made-to-Measure Suits and Overcoats at from $5.00 to $10.00, write for FREE SAMPLE BOOK No. 90E. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co. (Inc.) CHICAGO.
(Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.)

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

UNITY

VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1899. NUMBER 14

See on the opposite page the completed program of the Congress to be held in Sinai Temple, Chicago. Those intending to visit the Congress from out of the city are invited to correspond with the Secretary.

To those to whom bread has become the veritable staff of life, there is a shock in store in the prediction of Sir William Crookes, who has been investigating the wheat supply, that inside of thirty years the wheat yield of the world will be inadequate to the demand of the bread eaters. This opinion seems to be justified by the statistics of the United States Department of Agriculture, all of which is to be set forth in a book soon to be published by the Putnam's Sons, on the wheat problem. The corn man's demand will yet prove a practical necessity. There are several things besides wheat that will nourish human life. Not starvation, but more science, will be the necessity of an inadequate wheat supply.

In the death of Professor Edward Orton, who died in Columbus, Ohio, October 16, the American Association for the Advancement of Science lost one of its most famous presidents, the state of Ohio one of its foremost citizens, and the science of geology one of its most accomplished representatives in this country, UNITY is glad to speak this belated word of respect for one who followed in the footsteps of Horace Mann, who was an early president of Antioch College, a man with the open mind and progressive spirit, a devout man of the newer type, who read the leaves of nature as the manuscripts of God with the consecration and patience equal to that which sustained the cloistered monks in their devotion to Bible parchments in the centuries long since gone.

A correspondent from Meadville is exercised lest the reprinting of Professor Barber's article in UNITY of November 16 may put the Meadville Theological School in a false light and lead some people to infer that it shares the professor's opinion concerning the lamentable war in the Philippines. We can hardly think any reader so wanting in judgment as our correspondent fears, but if there lurks in any mind the suspicion that the Meadville Theological School is responsible for the individual opinions of any of its professors or that it would undertake to dictate to any of its professors what they shall think or what they shall teach concerning politics, theology or religion, the present writer is glad to deny such an assumption. It is the distinctive characteristic of this school that it seeks to entrust its instruction to the hands of honorable and able men and women, charging them with the responsibility to teach fearlessly what they deem true, leaving the students to judge for themselves what is right, proving all things, holding fast only that which seems to them good.

The "Free Church Record," published in Tacoma, appears in a double number. The first half of it consists in opinions solicited from Dean Everett and Messrs. Crocker, Dole, Ames, Crothers, Horatio Stebbins, Frederick Meakin, Gannett, Salter, G. R. Dodson, W. D. Simonds and others concerning Dr. Francis E. Abbott's essay on "Sectarianism, or Inclusiveness and Exclusiveness in Religion," published earlier in the year in this paper. In the last portion of the issue Dr. Abbott proceeds to make mince meat of his commentators, which, of course, is easily done, but his hacking and slashing are after the manner of that done in "Valhalla"—the slaughtered come together again, each in his own proper person, and go forth to fight again. A UNITY editorial comes in for a part of the notice, but as for ourselves we are quite content to let so excellent and skillful a man as Mr. Abbott have the last word. Perhaps he understands us better than we understand ourselves. If so, we have scarcely any right to an opinion, or at least our opinion is scarcely worth uttering, so let it rest.

This is the way the Rev. C. W. Wendte summed up the argument for universal peace, on board of a Dutch liner in midocean, as reported in the "Pacific Unitarian." He spoke of "the English raids on the little Boer republic; the reactionary elements in church and state, grouping themselves around the standing army in France; Italy fainting or rising in despair under the fearful burdens thrust upon her by militarism; Germany with its progress arrested by feudalism personified by its 'War Lord' at the head of its army; the United States forsaking its great ideal, 'The Republic is the Peace,' to do homage to mere military prowess and conquest by force of armies." He interpreted the Peace Congress at The Hague and pointed to "disarmament, arbitration, persuasion, amity, peace congresses, as the only way to arrive at national welfare as at individual happiness." Rev. Mr. Merrill, a Presbyterian clergyman from Syracuse, and Rev. Mr. Benker, a Dutch clergyman, spoke in the same strain, the latter in the Dutch language. The one hundredth Psalm was sung in conclusion, the steerage passengers joining in the service.

An International Farmers' Union was recently organized at Binghamton, N. Y. A farmers' union label was adopted, which is proposed to be used by all members of the union, whenever possible, on their marketable products. It is hoped in this way that the farmers may exchange courtesies with the various labor unions of the country and stand together for their mutual rights. This may be a clumsy way. It is certainly one more move in the industrial war, the ethics of which is unfortunately the temporary and unsatisfactory ethics that belong to war and it is not likely that much will come of it in a direct way, but it is an-

other reminder that the farmer not only holds his own destiny in his hand, but the destiny of the nations, whenever he comes to his consciousness and sufficiently appreciates his power. If the farmers of this country only knew what they wanted and how to work for it they could get it. No one will dispute that the farmer is the source of industry and economic prosperity. Some day may it be equally apparent that he is the source of political integrity, civic virtue and the corporate conscience. When the farmer becomes independent of the party lines that are forged by metropolitan bosses and surveys in the committee rooms of city politicians we may look for better politics and purer statecraft.

In another note we call attention to the approaching wheat famine of the world. It is gratifying to think of the rising dominion of corn, the ever widening area of its cultivation and its increasing utility in the hands of science. There lies before us a list of some eighteen products now being manufactured out of corn, all of them valuable contributions to the commissary and mechanical needs of humanity, albeit there is a large misuse of some of them in the brewers' and distillers' field, and in the making of smokeless powder. A Chicago distilling company is said to have recently received an order for 574,000 gallons of distilled spirits, to be used in the manufacture of this murderous compound. Japan has recently ordered 6,000 barrels, and our own country 10,000 barrels from the same source. Among the corn products is a substitute for rubber, which, it is said, comes to meet a large and immediate want. Let those who have a passion for expansion and the logic of imperialism crown corn as king and let them extend its boundaries, for its reign will be for the feeding of the hungry and the peace of the nations.

J. Sterling Morton, whose fame as the great tree planter he should be more proud of than the worthy record he has written for himself as a statesman, editor and orator, in his paper, called "The Conservator," issues a timely note of warning concerning Christmas trees. He calls attention to the young pine forests that will be mutilated in the interest of the Christmas festivities, and says:

> Millions upon millions of the straightest, most symmetrical and vigorous hemlocks, spruces, pines and balsams, will soon be aboard freight cars and going toward cities to be put into homes for Christmas trees, which shall bear tiny bells, dolls, bonbons, glass bulbs and all sorts of jimcracks for the amusement of children.

Let no one smile at this note of warning as being far-fetched and unsympathetic. It is but another indication of the growing sense of the commonwealth of the world and the dependence of human happiness upon the resources of nature. If the generation immediately following us is to suffer a dearth of lumber and if this denudation is to bring aridity and render unfertile and droughty the homes of men and women, it is a poor, blind homage we offer the Christ child. And is not our contemporary right when he says "the birth of Christ should be celebrated with more common sense than by depriving human families which will follow us of the material out of which to construct and embellish their homes."

It is hard to realize the extent of our country, multiplicity of its resources and the marvelous complexity and proportions of her industry. We hear so much about centers of trade, metropolitan industries, etc., which talk generally suggests New York, Buffalo, Cincinnati, and perhaps the most intelligent will think of Minneapolis, Kansas City, maybe Omaha and Denver, this side of the Rockies. It is a shock to the intelligence to learn that in a little side city of twelve thousand in the new state of Nebraska, there is a starch factory that converts between two and three thousand bushels of corn into starch every twenty-four hours and that it runs without interruption about eleven months a year, thus disposing of about 715,000 bushels of corn in a year in that local factory. In the same little town ten thousand bushels of corn and oats per day are converted into various brands of breakfast foods, which makes about 2,860,000 bushels per annum. The same little town has a canning factory that has an annual output of 1,200,000 cans of corn, tomatoes, apples, etc. Incidentally the slaughter houses of this town occasionally dispose of sixteen hundred head of swine in an afternoon. Most of our readers would grope helplessly over the map in search of this center of life if we did not name it, because Nebraska City is not unique in its exhibit of industry, though perhaps few towns of its size present such an aggregation. Still it is a typical western town and suggests the overwhelming tides of life that we are called upon to direct, revise and elevate within our own borders.

The mand-sided David Starr Jordan, the gifted president of Leland Stanford, the interpreter and defender of the seal, the all around man of science, one of the most skillful preachers out of the pulpit that this country now knows, in the December number of the "Popular Science Monthly," appears as a humorist, but, like all good humor, this has a purpose; it essays to make men laugh in order that they may the more clearly think. In "The Education of the Neminist" he tries to expose in a light vein the absurdities of Christian Science as a healing art. Doubtless by many this article will seem to be wanting in respect for the feeling of sincere people and wanting in reverence toward the spiritual forces which the Neminists represent and study. That an increasing number of excellent people, more or less given to the exercise of their brains, still take the writings of Mrs. Eddy and the healing claims connected therewith seriously, is a matter beyond doubt, and these people cannot be persuaded to abandon this short-cut to felicity, this escape from the slow processes of science and the complexity of the real world, except by experience. At the present time they are in the condition of the sophist, who, having heard that the raven lives two hundred years, bought a young one for the sake of testing the truth of the statement. Three commendable studies of Christian Science have recently appeared in the magazines: Dr. Huber's article, "From a Physician's Standpoint," in the October "Popular Science Monthly;" Mark Twain's humorous study in the "Cosmopolitan" for the same month; James T. Bixby's article in the last issue of "The New World," a

quarterly that appeared about the same time. But Mrs. Eddy and her followers might well smile at the seeming impotence of these studies, for in those very days the contract was being let for the building of two palatial temples in Chicago to match in size and expense the splendid structure already existing on the South Side, which structure accommodates one of the largest and most fashionable audiences in Chicago. Meanwhile the ravages of scarlet fever and diphtheria among the children of the public schools of Chicago, the existence of which diseases and consequently the contagious danger the Christian Scientists steadily deny, precipitates the whole subject into serious practical complications. The motto which David Starr Jordan gives to the University of "Mentiphysics," that educates the healers in this school, is "Nihil nocet nemini," which he interprets to mean "Nothing hurts nobody." UNITY respects all sincere convictions and sympathetically awaits the working out of this problem, but as it values its mental sanity and ethical integrity, it must guard jealously the wisdom dearly bought by the ages and respect the science that has had its martyrs and its saints.

The Mid-Continent Congress of Religion.

Again we take pleasure in calling attention to the congress to be held at Sinai Temple, Chicago, December 12-14, 1899, the completed program of which appears on the second page of this paper. The program is attractive and significant in whatever light it is viewed.

The topics under discussion are such as indicate the life of to-day, the demand of the times upon teachers of theology, students of sociology and the ethical emphasis called for everywhere.

"The Conservative Element in Modern Thought, A Study of the Spiritual Gains of the New Theology, Its Vitalizing Influences and How It May be Advanced."

"A Search for the Common Denominator, A Coming Together of Baptists, Congregationalists, Independents, Jews, Gentiles, and Possibly Catholic and Protestant, to lay their deepest conviction side by side for comparison, as well as for contrast."

"The Principal Means of Advancing the Kingdom of Righteousness and Love," a final conference for spontaneous and informal discussion, without paper and without announcement of speakers.

The personality of the program is also not only attractive but inspiring. Into the beautiful auditorium of Sinai Temple, dedicated to the religion taught by Moses and the prophets, and under the presidency of Dr. Thomas, the open-minded and open-hearted pastor of the People's Church, will be fitted the following program:

The opening sermon by the Rev. Galusha Anderson, the venerable and stalwart pillar of the Baptists, as he expressed himself to the committee, "an orthodox of the orthodox." The honored president of the old University of Chicago, and now a teacher in the Divinity School Department of the present university, J. J. Halsey, dean of the Lake Forest University and late acting president of this Presbyterian institution. Graham Taylor, professor in the Union Park Congregational Seminary of Chicago. Rev. David Beaton, the Scotch pastor of a Chicago Congregationalist Church. Granville R. Pike, author of "The Divine Drama." Herbert L. Willett, instructor in semitics and dean of the Disciples' Divinity House of the University of Chicago. Jane Addams, who belongs everywhere. And their associates on the program are men of note whom the country as well as Chicago has learned to honor and to wait for their words. But to the secretary at least this congress is quite as significant and inspiring by the names that do not appear but are absent simply from the force of circumstances, the pressure of previous engagements: Doctors McGiffert and Knox of the Union Theological Seminary of New York, are absent from the program simply for the above cause, Professor McGiffert sending his cordial greetings and expressing his hearty interest in the work of the congress. The same is true of Dr. C. G. Little of the Garrett Biblical Institute, the Methodist school in connection with the Northwestern University at Evanston, and Professor Gilbert of the Congregationalist school, author of the recent works on Paul and Jesus, so favorably commented upon. Rev. Charles M. Sheldon of Topeka, the author of the far-flying "In His Steps," would have been with us had strength and time permitted. Indeed, no more significant evidence of the progress made by the congress in winning the confidence and co-operation of representative thinkers in all schools could be desired than the cordial reception given to the suggestion of the congress and the ease with which the program took shape. It was "a union on first intention." There was not a single refusal except on account of previous engagement.

Now, then, it remains for the friends of fellowship, for those who believe that this is the missionary work most needed—the bringing together of the religious forces, the concentrating of the ethical enthusiasm, the pooling of the moral capital of these times in the interest of the common life of the community and the world, to rally around this program, to prove their interest by furnishing the listeners, to give such a practical "Amen" to it here in Chicago that others seeing the light and hearing the harmony from afar will go and do likewise. There is material enough within easy range of twenty centers of thought in this country to produce a program equal in interest and ability to this which is offered on our second page between now and the last of April next, when the national meeting will be held in Boston. Can it not be done? The general management at Chicago, the officers of the parent Congress and UNITY are ready to serve in any way possible.

Brothers and sisters, come to Chicago and see how it is done, and go home to do it for yourselves in a better way and in a stronger way.

American Faith in Education.

Americans believe in education more than ever. They believe it to be a solvent for all social and political difficulties. They believe this in spite of the failure of education, as yet, to accomplish what is expected of it. In fact, there is a generally recognized conviction that the fault is not in education, but in the sort of education we have got—perhaps we might say the comparative lack of education. The American system is still tentative—never more experimental than to-day—if, indeed, we have yet anything more than an inherited European system. But as it is, and has been—even before Horace Mann and Asa Mahan—it is the prime factor in making possible republican institutions. It is the schoolhouse that affiliates California and Oregon to Maine and Massachusetts. It is the school that enables men to think and feel together—and vote together. It is the miracle of the nineteenth century that, on the same day, people three thousand

miles asunder, citizens of forty-eight states, unite in one function of empire, and do it without disintegration. The same problems move us on both sides of the Rockies. There are only two great political parties, or parts, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. With this faith in schools, and this experience with education at our fingertips, no sooner does the republic expand than it plants a schoolhouse. It runs education like a coulter on the plow of civilization. As we reach beyond the seas this is the first impulse of Americanism —let us have a school system. When President McKinley appointed General Henry military governor of Porto Rico, he appointed also General Eaton, who organized the National Bureau of Education, to establish a system of general education on that island. It is interesting to note how these two generals have cooperated. The most efficient assistant of General Eaton has been the wife of his co-laborer, Mrs. Henry.

W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, has recently delivered a remarkable address on "An Educational Policy for Our New Possessions." This eminent educator assumes that we are already so far in possession of Hawaii and Porto Rico that the future condition of the inhabitants of these islands has become a moral obligation upon the United States. He also sees that whatever may be the future relation of this country to Cuba and the Philippines, the people of those countries will depend upon us for moral and intellectual leadership. He suggests that there is not only an ancient imperialism, but a modern imperialism of a very different sort. He understands that the whole history of the American people has been confronted by perils more formidable than those involved in our present foreign complications, and he insists that we have been able to meet all these perils and surmount them, because we have been true to our faith in educative force. With this view of our past he has entire confidence in our future. He suggests that we should at once take advantage of military occupation for higher ends. He would see an educative system quietly but firmly established wherever our military force reaches. He favors the establishment more particularly of schools of industry, with special features in every considerable town and village. He says: "It is our duty to make a system of education that will develop in these people an ability to conquer nature and to enter into an all-sighted spiritual communion with mankind." Mr. Harris is by no means the only one who believes that we should take advantage of military occupation, while it lasts, for a gentle pressure upon the population, to reopen old schools and establish better ones. It is entirely feasible at the same time to re-establish various industries and civil vocations of the people, while the pressure of American industry establishes new ways of waking up the people on the industrial side. It is not a mere patriotic wish that the natives may be taught English. The chief barrier to a widening out of sentiment, and a larger conception of moral obligation, is the fact that the natives of these small islands are incapable of communication with the world at large, or, indeed, with any peoples beyond their narrow limits.

Is not this the line of our moral duty? In other words, should not the moral power that is now used in antagonizing events, be conserved to take advantage of conditions? Three at least of the great religious representative bodies have taken action in this direction. And it is peculiarly cheering to note that these assemblies do not intend to undertake schemes of proselyting. They purpose to aid the natives morally and spiritually, and are convinced that this must be coincident with material or industrial education. Meanwhile our Secretary of Agriculture reaches in the same direction to, "Show these peoples the best methods of agricultural production." This is expansion that no one can find fault with. E. P. P.

Good Poetry.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword.
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

—*Julia Ward Howe.*

Said Jane Addams at the tenth anniversary address of the Hull House, recently held:

"'Bossism' in politics causes scandal. Yet it goes on in society constantly without being challenged. Hull House has sought to relieve over accumulation at one end of society and the destitution at the other. I believe there will be no wretched quarters in our cities when the conscience of each man is so touched that he prefers to live with the poorest of his brethren and not with the richest of them that his income will allow."—

Ernest H. Crosby, in the "Coming Nation," has expressed in happy lines the anxiety of many concerning Kipling. It is sad to find the man of such brilliancy using his powers in the interest of reactionary ethics and partial politics. Genius defeats itself when it sings the songs of national prejudices and of destructive war. Mr. Crosby's poem, entitled "The Bugler in the Rear," contains such lines as these:

Strong bugler, whose deep-chested strain
Has cheered the march of man,
Oh, tell me, while your rhythmic flow
Still fascinates my ear,
Why is it that you choose to blow
Your bugle in the rear?

* * *

Know, then, that man shall not return
And seek the brutish past,
The Jungle he has left—to learn
To scale the heights at last.
And this shall ever be the sign
To mark the leader true:
The poet is the man divine
Who tells us something new;—

The man who tells us something new,
And points the road ahead;
Whose tent is with the forward few,
And not among the dead.
Then come, strong bugler of the rear,
And lead us in the van.
And blow this blast, as pioneer,
"The Brotherhood of Man!"

The Pulpit.

A Thanksgiving Sermon.

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Delivered at All Souls Church, Chicago, Nov. 26, 1899.

"And the sun and moon give thanks and praise and do not rest fo their thanksgiving is rest for them."—Enoch xii:17.

The Book of Enoch is one of the rich finds discovered in that theological cleft between the Old and New Testaments, a strange and rich product of the Jewish mind, neglected both by Jewish and Christian reader. So rich is it in poetry, so fertile in imagery and weird in its symbolism that it has proven first the delight and then the despair of the dogmatist, both of the Jewish and Christian schools. Each in turn tried to understand it as prose and use it for polemic purposes, but for both it proved too much or too little, and it is being gradually abandoned as dogma or revelation and we may soon look for a new appreciation of it as literature. It represents the high-water mark in that apocalyptic literature of the Jews that began in the wild fancies, the wheel-within-wheel rhetoric of Ezekiel, continued in the imagery of Zechariah, sustained in the dreams of Daniel and perhaps found its final expression in the Book of Revelation in the New Testament.

The Book of Enoch, as dogmatic revelation, as prose authority, justified the waiting of the Jew through weary generations (and many of them are still waiting) for the coming of the Messiah, the strong one, the just one, the anointed of Jehovah, who would set up his kingdom on earth and give to Judaism a terrestrial throne.

In the hands of the Christian dogmatist it abounded in proof texts used to strengthen the credentials of the Christ, as the especial Son of God, and anon to sustain the wild hope of his second advent, the millennium dream of a new Jerusalem to be established with Christ, the Divine-Man, as the ruler of his earthly kingdom after this earth had been purged of its wickedness and purified by fire. But the Zionistic hope of the Jew has long since been abandoned by the more intelligent and spiritual representatives of that faith and the dream of a second advent of the crucified one grows more fitful and unreal year by year.

The Book of Enoch, thus released from the fanatic and the polemic, is handed back to the student of poetry, the interpreter of literature, the open mind that can recognize the inspirations of a poet, the everlasting truth imprisoned in the molds of passing thought and temporal and temporary conceptions.

While Judas Maccabees and his brave associates were engaged in that thrilling stroke for liberty, taking one of the most heroic stands for freedom ever taken by a patriotic band; when the clumsy wickedness of Syria, with its millions, wielded by the mad, cruel Antiochus Epiphanes, were being beaten back, outgeneraled, harassed and defeated by the Spartan band of a few thousand inspired Jews, then it was that some Jewish poet dwelling in far-off Alexandria, touched by the classic influences of Greece, cosmopolitanized by contact with various races and foreign literatures, was stirred anew with the old hope which filled the hearts of the old prophets that Judah's day was yet to come; that the old dreams were yet to be realized, and on some broad and deep foundation the kingdom of justice and of right as founded by Moses, formulated by Jeremiah and Isaiah and somewhat realized in the second temple at Jerusalem, would yet command world respect and become world conquering.

And so into the mouth of the old mythic hero of the Jewish cradle lore, Enoch, "the seventh from Adam," he poured his fancies, his philosophy, his hope and his prayer. In this Book of Enoch to-day we find Oriental fervor, Greek philosophy, Jewish monotheism and Messiahism mixed with the history and life current in Alexandria in the last half of the second century B. C., by a poet's wild but confident hand.

Out of this wildly beautiful book I find my text for our Thanksgiving Day sermon to-day. In the first of a series of brilliant parables found in the seventh section of the book, the poet, through the magnificent imagery of nature, by means of a crude but majestic astronomy, describes the future sifting of the world of human life, when the congregation of the just should appear and the sinners, because of their sins, be expelled from the face of the earth. Then the Just One shall come like a great light to dwell upon the earth, while those who have denied the "Lord of the spirits" will realize that "it were better had they not been born." 'Mid the mighty convulsions of nature, through whirlwinds and darkness, the poet sees the dwellings of the just and the resting places of the holy, where justice flows like water and mercy is like dew on the earth. And before the "Lord of the spirits" these just appeared ornamented with the light of fire, their mouths full of blessings; their lips praise the name of "the Lord of the spirits, before whom justice will not cease." The poet's eyes rest long upon this place and he hears the mighty chant of "Holy, holy, holy," until the radiance blinds him and he can see no more. Again, his eyes strengthened, he sees "the thousand times thousand and ten thousand times ten thousand beings standing before the glory of the Lord," and the four faces of the blessed angels of Worship, Healing, Mercy and Consolation appear. Still farther does the poet's vision penetrate; far down in the depths of space he saw the secrets of heaven, where the deeds of men are weighed upon scales. The secrets of the lightning, the thunder, the whirlwind, the cloud and the dew he was enabled to read, aye, the repositories of hail, fog and clouds, the place from whence comes sun and moon and to which they return, their fixed courses to which nothing is added and from which nothing can be taken away. They "pass before the Lord of the spirits and give thanks and praise, and do not rest, for their thanksgiving is rest for them."

Aye, he saw how even these and all the stars of heaven were called by their names and heard the call. They were weighed on the scales of justice and the day of their appearance fixed, and the poet was assured by his guide that he was permitted to see those things that belong to eternity.

"They do not rest, for thanksgiving is rest for them." Here is a text for us! Can we furnish the comment out of our lives? Is thankfulness restfulness? When we remember how much of our life energy is wasted in regrets over the inevitable, repinings over what has passed, fretful anxiety over that which may never come, we can but see how far we are lifted out of fatigue when we are lifted into the realms of thanksgiving.

So my first point is, thanksgiving is rest, because it eliminates out of life those things that do most exhaust it. I might have gotten through yesterday with a buoyant spirit if I had not been caught in a rage over the things that I did not do and perhaps need not have done; if I had not consumed myself with anxiety over the things that I did not do the day before, and if I had not let my day be clouded with ominous anxieties as to how I was going to live through the duties that awaited me on the morrow. It is a commonplace admission that we are killed by the worries and not by the work of life; that fret more than sweat drains the body of its vitality. The "grateful planets" of the unknown author of the Book of Enoch and the "unhasting and unresting stars" of Goethe may well lure us out of the petty and the temporal, the small fevers and passions, the consuming wants and woes which touch not the well-being of society and

but slightly touch our own well-being. Not only are we thus saved from subjective exhaustion, but we are saved from many of the objective demands of life. Most of the extravagances, a large portion of the so-called "taxes" of the individual and of the state are spent in the interest of the ingratitudes, the angers, the ambitions, the rivalries and the jealousies of life. The competition between individuals and the war between nations. In how many homes are the resources of the kitchen sacrificed in the interest of the upholstery of the parlor, the winter's garb made thin by the party costume, domestic substance sacrificed to the show and parade of the social form. Walter Savage Landor, one of the most learned of Englishmen—a man whose skill with the English was so great that it suggested the highest attainment of the Greeks and gave to him and his style the word "classic"—never had but a few dozen books at a time; he would not be encumbered with a library. He gave his books away as fast as he read them. He trusted his resources. He practiced what the master taught—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

The thankful spirit relieves life of many of its exhaustions; the realm of plenty is more promptly reached and the weariness of life thereby largely avoided. "Their thanksgiving is rest for them." In the appreciation of the wealth that we have we escape the tortures of the wealth that we have not.

It is well for us to pursue our destiny even as the moon swings in its orbit, "from which she cannot take away and to which she does not add." The forces of the universe may be balanced in us as we swing in our orbit, but it is the attempt to swing into somebody else's orbit that makes us a burden to others and life burdensome to ourselves.

But this is negative. There is a positive side to the text. Thankfulness not only eliminates the worries, the frictions and the anxieties, thereby leaving our resources free to work out our destiny in unresting strength, but it adds to our strength. The thankful heart brings that cheer that lays hold of forces forever denied the thankless life. Hope is not some will-o'-the-wisp, some alluring unreality, but hope is itself strength. Hope is vitality. In the gratefulness of the present, the thankful appreciation of the past and just estimate of that which is at hand is born that confidence that is not afraid of the dark, is not cast down by doubt, will not be intimidated by the unknown. Out of our gratefulness comes the power to

"Fight on, fare ever, there as here!"

Thus the finite is reinforced out of the infinite; mortal man moves with the blitheness of the immortal, and that which is perishable keeps time with the eternal.

Thus it is that the miracle of the Thanksgiving table consists not in the extra bounty that is put upon it, but in the extra cheerfulness that is gathered around it. The lean chicken in the cottage serves its purpose as well as the fat turkey in the mansion. The plain, old-fashioned blue-rimmed dishes answer every purpose that your gilded china does when love adds its decoration and human sympathy and hope enshrine it all.

This suggests the question: Whence the grounds for thanksgiving? What makes thanksgiving not our due but our necessity? The grudging word is thankless, the unconscious and uncounted joy is thankfulness. Certainly ungracious are the thanks based on the statistics of crops or of banks. Not what we eat, but how we eat. It is never a question of figures, but always a question of feeling. So we go back of crops and clothing, prices and taxes, politics and texts, and find the thankful life resting, as the sun and moon do, in law, in the order of the universe, the regularity of nature, the reliability of the God of nature. The thankfulness of the sun and moon lies in the regularity of their movements and in the fixity of their orbits. So our life grows grateful as we rest in the sense of the eternal, thus relating the passing emotion to the permanent force.

"Lord, by thy favor thou hast set me on a strong mountain," said the Psalmist. It is this sense of the strong mountain environing our lives, conditioning our woe, even shaping our misery to some far ends, that are noble, translating our want into bounty, "making," to quote from another Psalm, "the wrath of men to praise Him." When we stand as sincere worshipers in this mighty temple of God, which in our undevout moments we call "material," and with uncovered heads look into the unfathomable arch above, frescoed with clouds and illuminated with stars; when we lean against its everlasting pillars of rock and walk through its palatial halls, now carpeted with the velvet green of summer, again mantled with the spotless crystals of winter, we rise into that spirit of thankfulness that is restful. When our ears linger over the melody of the birds, setting their melody into the greater harmonies of summer zephyrs, rustling leaves, soughing autumn winds, we find that life itself becomes a thanksgiving psalm.

The Thanksgiving dinner depends somewhat on the skill displayed in the kitchen and a failure in the oven will likely fall short of success at the table; but the essential elements of even the Thanksgiving dinner rest upon the stalwart appreciation of the fact that no life is mean and no fact is meaningless.

Thanksgiving Day is a festival of the heart in so far as it is thanksgiving. Thanksgiving Day ought to be a sacred day, because the air is full of kisses, the day is freighted with greetings, the old gaps in the family circle are filled, grandfather and grandchildren sit together, Massachusetts and Illinois clasp hands and thus the "thoughts of men are widened" by the process.

Thanksgiving Day sprang out of material poverty but out of spiritual wealth. It is a festival of reason and of liberty. After man has weighed the stars and mapped their courses, after he has harnessed the lightning and sent it on his errands; when he has predicted the coming of the clouds and anticipated the storm, he may still be unhappy, sullen, thankless. But when he sets himself into this same magnificent order, realizes that he is akin to the stars, allied to the winds and imbedded in the same law, a part of the same destiny, then he becomes thankful with that thanksgiving that is recreating, restful. Then he liveth on that bread that never faileth, drinketh of that water that satisfieth the profoundest thirst of the soul. Reason may fail as before, light grow dim, misery beset him, but it will be a superstructure of ignorance, darkness and misery resting upon a comforting foundation of law, which law is justice and which justice must become triumphant.

But let us go back to Enoch for the conclusion of our Thanksgiving Day sermon, for this unknown poet has led us away from crops and cattle, from politics and social anxiety, lifted us above the strife, fever and the hurting "fun" of the world, into the serene depths of nature. He has related us to the swinging stars; he has invited us to the Thanksgiving table of the planets, lit our worship with the light of the sun and touched our lives with the pale and penetrating graciousness of the moon. And, better than all, he has carried us away from words and phrases. How is this gratitude to be expressed? Who will sing for us our Thanksgiving song?

This poet had a vision of the just gathering before the courts of the Most High, taking their place in the procession of the stars. Then he caught sight also of the four faces that on the four sides of the Lord poured forth their blessings, and this was the interpretation of these faces:

The first was Michael, the merciful, slow to anger, the praising angel,

The second was Raphael, the ministering angel, who nursed the wounded and attended to the sick children of men.

The third was Gabriel, the guardian of the oppressed, the guide of the slave, the breaker of bonds.

The fourth was Phanuel, the consoler of the repentant—he who healed the broken in heart and gave to the sinner the hope of everlasting life.

"And these," says our poet," are the four angels of God the Most High, the four voices I heard in these days."

If we are to have a Thanksgiving this week we must have it by the help of these very same angels. We must invoke them not by word of mouth, but by the holy deed, which is the only language heard in heaven; not by high-sounding phrase, but by far-reaching actions. Pretension has no place in the vocabulary of God. The sophistries of speech fail in the presence of the eternal. And so the thankful life, the restful life, is a life dedicated to Michael, he who is merciful and slow to anger.

None the less must Raphael find a place in our lives, the pitiful angel, he who leads us to the bedside of the sick, teaches us to bind up the wounds of the children of men.

Hail, also, Gabriel, the liberty angel, he who prays for those in bondage, invokes the "Lord of the spirits" in behalf of those who know the bitterness of servitude. The Thanksgiving that is restful is always on the side of the oppressed and the downtrodden.

Lastly, we must welcome Phanuel, the consoler, he who stands beside the penitent and gives hope to the hopeless, the friend of sinners, he who in the quaint phrase of our old Jewish poet, "keeps off the satans and allows them not to come before the Lord of the spirits to execute those who dwell on the earth." Phanuel, the last, is perhaps the most far-seeing of all the angel faces, for he sees beauty in the fragments of humanity, the battered spirits, the disheveled souls, frayed and torn by passion, sin and vice, even to these he ministered and for these he had a hope.

Michael, Raphael, Gabriel and Phanuel, the angels of heavenly praise, of earthly ministrations, the voices of liberty and the regenerating and reforming power in the lives of men; these are the voices of thanksgiving, nay, they are the greatness of human life and those who follow them can, like the planets above, move ever without weariness and work ever without rest.

Who are the tired men and the haggard women? Those who have no time to be grateful, no strength to be cheerful, no leisure for helpfulness or grace. They are the men and women who live the rasping life of selfishness, who are caught in the endless chase for pleasure, who are racing, out of breath, in trying to keep up with the world of fashion, of business or something they call "Society," trying to keep up, but they never catch up; they are always behind. They go to bed tired and they rise weary. From Monday to Saturday they count their groans and on Sunday they offer their apologies to God and man on the gilded plate of "pre-occupation." These are the men and women who have no time to read the good book, no time to get acquainted with themselves, no time to visit the sick, no time to speak the word for liberty, no time to soothe the discouraged; they "would help if they had time." They would come to meeting, but they "have no time to dress themselves." They would send their children to Sunday-school but they "have no time to comb their hair." They might help in the work of the world, only they "have no time to study its needs." May the angel Phanuel make ready for them, for one of these days they will have time to die and their shattered, shivered, undeveloped souls will need much nursing. Phanuel must need have a supply of spiritual incubators in which to put such prematurely born spirits, where by careful brooding and bottle nursing they may in time win into life eternal.

Who are the men and women with radiant faces, who have time to think, time to love, time and money to help; who have a voice, a vote and a hand for the oppressed, they whose joy it is to break fetters, who are at home in the company of sinners and rejoice in the companionship of the undeveloped and the miserable? They are those who have rested in their work, who, like ocean birds, sleep on the wing, wax strong in their industry, grow young in their usefulness and have no need to die in order to get to heaven.

Had I time I should love to call the roll of the unwinged Michaels, Raphaels, Gabriels and Phanuels who have stayed on the earth beyond the limit of three-score-and-ten and needed no rest, because their thankfulness was rest.

Michael Angelo, building St. Peter's, up into the nineties; Gladstone, making young old England, away into the eighties; Martineau, in the serenity of Michael, an oracle of the Most High, still living, well into the nineties.

But why attempt to call the roll? Who dares count the years in the life of love, justice, righteousness, truth? These are the timeless things that laugh at the chronology of men and heed not the figures on the dial, for they need not note the swing of the pendulum that tells the flight of mortal time.

Oh, let us get clearly this distinction in our mind. The dyspeptic, selfish, greedy, faithless children of men are forever singing this song of gloom in the face of the brightest light that God ever put into the heavens:

"The day is quenched, and the sun is fled;
God has forgotten the world!
The moon is gone, and the stars are dead;
God has forgotten the world!

Evil has won the horrid feud
Of ages with the Throne;
Evil stands on the neck of Good,
And rules the world alone.

There is no good; there is no God;
And Faith is a heartless cheat
Who bares the back for the devil's rod
And scatters thorns for the feet.

What are the prayers in the lips of death,
Filling and chilling with hail?
What are prayers but wasted breath
Beaten back by the gale?

The day is quenched, and the sun is fled;
God has forgotten the world!
The moon is gone, and the stars are dead;
God has forgotten the world!"

While on the other hand those who have entered into the life of God's great angels of praiseful thought, nursing pity, emancipating courage and redeeming love, can and do sing in the face of the darkest cloud that ever hung o'er earth, in the presence of the direst poverty that ever beset a human soul, out of weakness, pain, loneliness and defeat:

"Day will return with a fresher boon;
God will remember the world!
Night will come with a newer moon;
God will remember the world!

Evil is only the slave of the Good;
Sorrow the servant of Joy;
And the soul is mad that refuses food
Of the meanest in God's employ.

The fountain of joy is fed by tears,
And love is lit by the breath of sighs:
The deepest griefs and the wildest fears
Have holiest ministries.

Strong grows the oak in the sweeping storms;
Safely the flower sleeps under the snow;
The farmer's heart is never warm
Till the cold wind starts to blow.

Day will return with a fresher boon;
God will remember the world!
Night will come with a newer moon;
God will remember the world!"

The Sunday School.

A Course of Study in the Non-Biblical Jewish Writings.

NOTES FROM THE MOTHERS' NORMAL CLASS OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

Prepared by E. H. W.

VI.

THE SIBYLLINE ORACLES.

MEMORY TEXT:

For the heavenly father has given the earth as the common possession of all men.

If I were a young man, fresh from college, and had nothing to do, or if I were a young woman, fresh in my Greek and Latin, with an income of four dollars a week, I would go off by myself, work all winter and prepare an English version of the Sibylline books, and I am sure this would be a very gracious service. I do not expect to come to this work all winter with so great a feeling of incompetency as in dealing with this topic, and my inadequacy is not all my own fault, for I believe I have compassed about all the English literature on this subject that is available to a busy man. If you go over the road that I have gone over you will be surprised and puzzled, as I am, over the scarcity of material and the inferential lack of interest in this most fascinating subject.

Here it is in a nutshell. The old oracles of Greece were often represented by prophetic, poetic—a misused word, but the best there is—inspirational women. These were copied as so much else of Greece was copied, always to its degeneracy, I think, by the Romans. First there was supposed to be only one sibyl, and afterward there grew up an alleged ten, one at Erythræ, one at Cumaæ, another in Persia, in Egypt, etc. We do not know much about them, except that traditionally they were inspired women, prophetic women, whose utterances acquired oracular fame and came to have something like scripturai authority—biblical force. Perhaps we would call them poets or preachers. They were sacredly guarded, and around them grew the halo of mystery, solemnity and sanctity, so that in great crises, kings and judges consulted them.

In 82 B. C. a big fire in Rome burned down one of the temples of the Capitoline hill, and these oracles of Rome were burned. The loss was so severely felt that the emperor took steps to try to restore the oracles, and history records that he sent representatives to the various seats of the sibyls to gather up as many as they could of the lost lines, for they were metrical deliverances. This attempt to restore them gathered together about a thousand lines, but we have them now only in obscure quotations. The utterances that were so sacred and so authoritative to pagan Rome just preceding the Christian era are practically lost.

The second century B. C. is our starting point. Around Jesrusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, for the four hundred years in which we are now interested, there gathers much intense human life, of which we are the direct descendants, and the inspirations of the Old Testament are cut off and the inspirations of the New Testament unintroduced until we fill in this gap.

The mental workshop of the Jews at that time was not in Jerusalem but in Alexandria, the capital city of the world, the Boston of that period. Things at Jerusalem, as we shall find later on in our Maccabean studies, had gone tempestuously, but there was a flash of hope. The northern power at Antioch had been so cruel and so wicked, as we learned two weeks ago, that there was an inner revolt. It was the Arnold Winkleried dash. It was the John Brown summons to rise in the interest of the right and defy tyranny. At this time there probably were as many Jews at Alexandria as at Jerusalem, if not more, and there certainly was where the fervent mind of the Jew worked. These Jews had been colored by Greek contact and had some very definite idea that the world was bigger than Jerusalem, that there were things in the world beside Jewish scripture; that there was a culture they could not do without; in short, that they did not "Know everything down in Judee," as Hosea Bigelow has since rediscovered. There was what was called a Hellenizing tendency, not to deny their inheritance but to fit it into the culture of the times and prove that what others were so afraid of as Judaism was only their own best thought. They could show that Isaiah and Sophocles were not so far apart; that Euripides and Amos were brothers; that Socrates and Moses were talking about the same thing. Now, it was in this period that a movement was made in Alexandria in the way of universalizing Judaism. They did not stop with the ritual of the temple. They said, "No matter about the offerings and the ceremonies; no matter about the distinctive elements; but let us go back to the first elements, the Noachian elements; let us build up a Judaism on these." That was the temper of the best Jewish life in Alexandria for a hundred years, coming down almost into the time of Jesus. There was at that time in Alexandria a bright Jew who had a great hope that after all the core of Judaism, the heart of Israel, would come up on top and become universal; the same old dream we talked of last year and which we shall study all next year, the everlasting hope of the ultimate triumph of Israel in one form or other. Now, this sharp Jew, largely mellowed by Greek culture, widely read, as we would say, perpetrated another "pious fraud," always putting the accent on the "pious," and not on the "fraud." He was no "fraud" at all, but a poet. Poets have a right to assume another character, just as Robert Browning presumed to speak for Abt Vogler, or to put a philosophy into the mouth of Fra Lippo Lippi. And Browning is not a liar nor a fraud, but a poet. He impersonated these historic characters and spoke for them. Now this Jewish scholar did the same thing that Browning did for Rabbi Ben Ezra or Fra Lippo Lippi; he spoke for a supposed sibyl. He knew that the sibyls had still a good reputation. In metrical Greek, probably the Homeric hexameter, in perhaps eight hundred lines, more or less, he gave his message. He has made the sibyl tell the story of creation, the fundamentals of monotheism, quoting as a sibyl would, now from Greek, now from Latin, now from Hebrew scripture, without giving credit to any of them; going on until finally she worked out an argument in favor of Judaism and a prophecy of its final triumph, dwelling all the time on the more universal elements, mixing it up in a curious, delightful way with the monotheism of the pagan world. Then at the close the sibyl speaks for herself and says: "Now, who am I? Some folks say I am from Erythraæ, but I am not; some say I am from Cumaæ, but I am not from there. I will tell you who I am. I am the daughter-in-law of Noah. I was in the ark. I have been in Babylon. I know whereof I speak. You may say I am a liar, but wait and see. If my prophecies do not come true, then call me a liar." This, in idiomatic English, is a very free rendering of the message.

Perhaps this was the first of the sibylline oracles, the oldest. We may drop the word "oracles" and call them sibylline poems, for that is what they are. Perhaps this was the earliest sibylline poem, but this writer set the example, gave the pace to poets, prophets, quacks, cranks, reformers and perhaps frauds. For

four hundred years after this, when they wanted to do something that would carry weight and were anxious to get a hearing, they spoke as a sibyl. And after a time someone living in the sixth century after Christ, doubtless a learned monk, compiled all of these poems and fragments that he could find, and, feeling that some order was better than no order, and inasmuch as nobody knew how or when they were written, he fixed them up just as he pleased, and so he made Books I to VIII.

But only a small portion of one of these books belongs to our present studies. A fragment of Book III belongs to our date and fits into the blank leaves between the Old and New Testaments. But little of this sibylline literature was written before the advent of Jesus; most of it came into being during the third and fourth centuries of our era. The pious monk compiler had found a certain literary form and grouped together these compositions, written by different men at different times, having different inspirations and bearing only those common marks which belong to literature of the same kind.

Besides the eight books already mentioned, four more, Books XI, XII, XIII and XIV, were found and published in the sixteenth century. Books IX and X are still lost. So far as I know there is no English version of these oracles extant in the light of modern scholarship. In the eighteenth century an Englishman who wanted to prove some Second Advent theological dogma, found these writings nuts for his purpose and translated some of them into English. The Greek text was printed in 1645, and again in various editions, to the latest in 1828. Monsieur Alexander, a Frenchman, gave the basis of a metrical Latin version in 1840, and a German version was published in 1852.

Now you understand why I said if I were a young man or woman, fresh from college, I would put this thing into English and get some modern house to publish it. Why has it been neglected? My own guess is this: That it proved a great deal too much or else not enough. It so breaks up and intrudes upon assumed theological theories or doctrines that the church folks did not know what to do with it, and the only ones who can enjoy it are the ones who are willing to accept the modern interpretation. It is good material for the liberal Jew. The fragment in Book III, from the ninety-seventh to the three hundred and eighth line, is the only piece that can be called Jewish.

I think we can say of this what we say of King Arthur and the Round Table. People say that it is not true, but it is great to dream it. There never was a Round Table, but there was a people who created a Round Table ideal and that is much.

But what about the children? Are we going to be presumptuous enough to take to our little boys and girls this neglected kernel of study?

I think most children know about the Greek oracles. They do not know that all the original sibylline lines are probably lost, but that there grew up another set of sibylline oracles that reach through four hundred years of time, poems about things, morals, religions, and that the oldest of these poems was written just at this time. We call them sibylline oracles, but let us give the children a simpler name for them. They are poems written after the fashion of the Roman Sibyls, poetic dreams of a poor, brave Jew, trying to convert the pagans down there in Alexandria to Jewish thought.

If all this is a little indefinite and incoherent, you will still have given immeasurable instruction in familiarizing the children's ears with certain phrases; you awakened in them new lines of thought, so that five years later they will have a broader idea and never know where it came from. I believe in the culture of the incomprehensible.

The Study Table.

Notes By E. P. Powell.

The Table sees no end of Dewey literature—most of it very interesting. We do not easily get tired of reading about a genuine hero. Admiral Dewey illustrates about every quality of a thoroughly good American citizen. He is typical of American character at the close of the century.

Those women who are turning toward horticulture for a living should not overlook bee culture. Two little books of immense value to such persons have been published by A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago. They are "The Bee People" and "The Honey Makers," by Margaret W. Morley. The two books are thoroughly good literature as well as instructive.

Doubleday & McClure Company have inaugurated a very excellent system for book sales, offering to send to out-of-town buyers volumes to be examined and returned to them if not satisfactory. As a rule you will find the volumes published by this firm to be so satisfactory that you will not wish to return them. They run but little risk in their generous offer to the reading public.

We rarely read sermons, but here are two good enough to read and then reread; one of them, on "The Psalm of the Autumn Leaf," by Robert Collyer, is a perfect idyl of the closing of the year. It breathes the soul of nature, and the soul of the author, which, after all, are the same thing. The other is an admirable sermon by Dr. M. J. Savage on "Religion a Superfluity or a Necessity." It is fundamental as a discussion and will well repay thorough reading.

"Literary Digest" for November 11 gives a careful report of the Universalist Convention, the Unitarian Conference and the Broad Church Movement among the Episcopalians. It adds a digest of an article in the "Christian Evangelist" on "A Plea for More Religious Thinking." The readers of UNITY know what this Table believes on this point. What we need is not more freedom to think, but more free thinking. We have freedom enough; have we thinking enough?

The contention carried on by Dr. Paul Carus, in "Open Court," to create a better understanding between the United States and Germany, is a brave one and most desirable of consummation. The new cordiality growing up between England and Germany will undoubtedly reach over to this country and accomplish what Dr. Carus desires. In the great struggle ahead the natural alliance includes Great Britain, the United States and Germany—all Anglo-Saxons. This alliance is more important to Germany than to the other parties.

One of the best books on American history that has lately reached the Table is published by Macmillan & Co. of New York. It is "Side Lights on American History," by Henry W. Elson. While some of Mr. Elson's statements are open to correction, or amendment, the book is of unsual worth. It begins with the Declaration of Independence, and gives us excellent studies of the Alien and Sedition Laws; Fulton and the Steamboat; the Lewis and Clark Expedition; the Conspiracy of Aaron Burr; the Missouri Compromise; the Monroe Doctrine; the Discovery of Gold in California; the Underground Railroad, etc. His History of Political Parties constitutes an excellent outline. Put down the book as one of the invaluables.

The "Table" has pasted the following passage of Ruskin on the wall, to be read as often as needed: "You are told, indeed, to sing psalms when you are merry, and to pray when you need anything; and by the perversion of the Evil Spirit, we get to thinking that praying and psalm-singing are 'service.' If a child finds itself in want of anything, it runs in and asks its father for it—does it call that doing its father a service? If it begs for a top or a piece of cake—does it call that serving its father? That, with God, is prayer, and he likes to hear it; he likes you to ask him for cake when you want; but he doesn't call that 'serving him.' Begging is not serving; God likes mere beggars as little as you do—he likes honest servants, not beggars. So when a child loves its father very much and is very happy it may sing little songs about him, but it doesn't call that serving its father; neither is singing songs about God serving God."

While the discussion is going on about Mr. Kipling's "School Boys," as portrayed in "Stalky & Co.," let me call the attention of readers and boy-lovers to Mr. Beards' character "Liver" in "Sand and Cactus." I do not know where to find anything better. Liver, to be sure, is a wild West boy, and has never seen a drawing room. But the boy is genuine, and under his conditions, a right down thoroughbred. As for Mr. Kipling's boys, the less of them the better. We have no reason for resurrecting the brute-force age in our public schools. Stalky, McTurk and Beetle are insufferable brutes. Buy for your boys "Tom Brown's Days at Rugby" and "The Heart of a Boy," by De Amicis, and Hale's "Ten Times One Makes Ten." I have no objection to an infusion of grit and pluck into our education, but beastly priggishness, none of it. In "Fife and Drum at Louisbourg," of which I have before spoken, you will also find a thoroughly good portrayal of manly, plucky, noble boys. It is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. "Sand and Cactus" is published by Scribner's of New York.

A New Life of Horace Bushnell.*

Horace Bushnell's biography has already been published. The book before us aims to present and to weigh his work. In few men is a life work so plainly a natural development or unfolding of a few great fundamental and related principles. Naturally this study of Dr. Bushnell's work proceeds along chronological lines and the introduction of some biographical matter is necessary. Dr. Munger, however, reduces this to a minimum and really holds very closely to his announced subject. He prefaces his study with two useful tables. One—chronology—in two pages, presents an outline of Bushnell's seventy-four years of life. The other—"Published Writings"—lists in chronological order of appearance, in three pages and a half, the matter which is to be studied.

Bushnell was a diligent and hard thinker; he was an intensely religious man. When he took up any subject he worried over it until he found conclusions that suited him; sometimes an idea haunted his mind for years before he felt that it was ready for public presentation. In all his thinking he was intensely in earnest; his problems were almost life and death to him. Dissatisfied with much in the theology of his day and of his colleagues, he took what to many was startling and dangerous heretical ground. Yet he was never one with the liberals. Shunned, feared and criticised by his orthodox brethren, he never quite gave the hand of fellowshp to the Unitarian revolters. In fact, he attempted the impossible; he tried to unite the two parties on a middle common ground.

In reading the book two things constantly impress us: First, Bushnell's heresies appear quite mild and harmless at the present time. His "Christian Nurture," "God in Christ," "Christ in Theology" and "Nature and the Supernatural," the four great books which convulsed New England orthodoxy, might now be preached in almost any Presbyterian church without arousing hostility. Not that they are nearer Westminster doctrines than when they appeared, nor does it argue that orthodoxy has broadened in practice, if not in theory; it may merely be another illustration of the poet's words—

"Vice is a monster," etc.

Second, clear as are Bushnell's thought and expression, he never carries his argument to its logical conclusion. He is ever, even in his wildest heresy, deeply and intensely emotionally religious. Really, either of the parties whom he tried to reconcile were on more logical ground than he was.

That on the whole Bushnell's influence was great and happy is certain. He especially left an impress on young men. No doubt many might say of him, as Dr. Washington Gladden:

"To tell the story of my indebtedness to this great friend would take more room than is left here, but I must say that I could not have remained in the ministry, an honest man, if it had not been for him. The time came, long before I saw him, when the legal or forensic theories of the Atonement were not true for me; if I had not found his 'God in Christ' and 'Christ in Theology' I must have stopped preaching. Dr. Bushnell gave me a moral theology and helped me to believe in the justice of God. If I have had any gospel to preach during the last thirty-five years, it is because he led me into the light and joy of it."

FREDERICK STARR.

*"Horace Bushnell. Preacher and Theologian." By Theodore T. Munger. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, 1899, 12 mo., pp. 425. $2.00

Mrs. Susan L. Lesley's "Recollection of My Mother" has been twice printed, but now for the first time it is to be published by the Houghton, Mifflin & Co. house. It is an attractive book, interpreting the better life of New England, through the life of one mother.

After the death of the many-sided and many-handed Grant Allen, the G. P. Putnam's Sons found, to their surprise, that they had been handling without their knowledge the two latest stories of Mr. Allen simultaneously, the one confessedly is "Miss Caly's Adventures," the other "Rosalba," under the fictitious name of Olive Pratt Rayner.

E. P. Powell's well-known book of "Our Hereditary From God" is selling better now than it did twelve years ago, when it first appeared. A glimpse, granted us of a private letter, interprets the reason why. The note is a typical one. There are doubtless thousands of others who might say the same thing:

"Only three months ago I spied it on the shelves of our city public library. Attracted by the title, I brought it home, and have pondered over it, and have ever since kept two copies constantly circulating."

Chicago has clearly launched another candidate for literary honors. It is a compliment for any young man to win the confidence of the Houghton, Mifflin & Co. house in Boston. This house is about to bring forth the second story of I. K. Friedman, a graduate of the Chicago public schools, and of the Michigan University. A young Jew, who has had experience as a florist, and upon the staff of the Chicago newspapers; he has skillfully described the Chicago slums. He knows. He has studied the lower side of life as an artist and moralist, and in his forthcoming book, entitled "Poor People," he will show his sympathy with the struggling, and the insight of the book will be of necessity measured by its sympathy. UNITY has watched with interest and pride the growing strength of young Friedman, and we hope for him that career for which he has faithfully worked and deserved.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Let us sing unto the Lord, and come before His presence with thanksgiving.
MON.—Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fullness of joy.
TUES.—Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and put your trust in the Lord.
WED.—Stand in awe, and sin not; commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.
THURS.—Thou hast put gladness in my heart.
FRI.—Our heart shall rejoice in the Lord; He is our help and our shield.
SAT.—Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.

—*Psalms.*

Thanksgiving Hymn.

Thy smile was set in palest gold
On budding leaf and tree,
Thou gavest strength to every fruit,—
Brought it maturity.

Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving to the Lord on high,
We praise Thee! Who rulest over earth and sky.

This year with perfect yield Thou'st blessed,
Our garners filled fourfold,
Thou'st crowned us with the royal crown,
Of Nature's purest gold.

Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving to the Lord on high,
We praise Thee! Who rulest over earth and sky.

Our days in peaceful paths Thou'st placed,
Thy blessings still rest here,
We thank Thee fervently, oh Lord,
For crowning our whole year.

Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving to the Lord on high,
We praise Thee! Who rulest over earth and sky.

—ELVIRA FLOYD FROEMCKE.

Montreal, Canada.

Carlo.

In the town of Armagh, in the north of Ireland, a few years ago, lived a large black, curly dog, whose name was Carlo. His master was Father Florien, a young priest who officiated in the cathedral not far from this priest's home. The townspeople are justly proud of their beautiful cathedral, adorned in front with great statues of the twelve apostles. Its lofty spire can be seen by the country people living six or seven miles away from the city.

Carlo and his master were fast friends, and the dog had been taught many things. Among other things he had learned to go alone to the stationer's and carry home the daily paper. When the hour came at which the newspaper would be ready, Father Florien would open the door and call, "Carlo, come, go and fetch the paper." The great, kindly dog would hasten out of the door, bound down the street, turn at the right corner, and so on by the most direct route until he reached the stationer's shop, which he would then enter, and wait for the folded newspaper to be put into his open mouth, then out into the street, and home without delay. Then he would carry the paper to the table, where his master sat studying. Sometimes the priest stood in the doorway awaiting Carlo's return. This particularly pleased the trusty carrier.

One day the two young women who kept the shop were unable to be there, and left someone to attend to customers in their absence. This strange girl was busy with her work, when in at the open door trotted a big dog, who came straight up to the counter. The girl told him to go away, but he stood his ground, and even put his paws upon the counter. At length, with some difficulty, poor Carlo was driven into the street. He went home, entered the study, and went up to his master, wagging his tail, but hanging his head as if something was wrong. The priest, seeing that the dog had not brought his paper, reproved him, again took him to the door, and, pointing in the direction of the stationer's, bade Carlo go and fetch the paper. The dog started, but not in his usual glad manner. Instead he seemed discouraged.

Again at the shop he tried in his dumb way to ask for the paper, but was rudely driven away, for the temporary keeper was afraid of the dog who so persistently came into the store. When Carlo returned the second time without his package, Father Florien took a switch and whipped the poor animal, thinking the dog was growing careless and disobedient. Then, commanding the grieved creature to follow, the priest himself went to the stationer's. Here the trouble was soon explained. Carlo was kindly patted, and was quick to learn that he was restored to favor. His joy was great upon finding that his master at last understood him and loved him. Nor did he cherish resentment, although he had been unjustly punished. It seemed as if he knew how sorry Father Florien was that he had dealt so hardly with his favorite. The newspaper was placed in the dog's mouth and he gayly marched home, where, you may be sure, he received an extra good supper, to make amends for the misfortunes of the day. Thereafter he went as usual on his daily errand.—*Every Other Sunday.*

Wealth Untold.

Seek your treasure and you'll find
It exists but in the mind.
Wealth is but the power that hires
Blessings that the heart desires;
And if these are mine to hold
Independently of gold,
And the gifts it can bestow,
I am richer than I know!

Rich am I if, when I pass,
'Mid the daisies on the grass,
Every daisy in my sight
Seems a jewel of delight!
Rich am I if I can see
Treasure in the flower and tree,
And can hear 'mid forest leaves
Music in the summer eves;
If the lark that sings aloud
On the fringes of the cloud
Scatters melodies around
Fresh as raindrops on the ground;
And I bless the happy bird
For the joy it has conferred,
If the tides upon the shore
Chant me anthems evermore,
And I feel in every mood
That life is fair and God is good!
I am rich if I possess
Such a fund of happiness,
And can find where'er I stray
Humble blessings on the way,
And deserve them ere they're given
By my gratitude to heaven.

—*Selected.*

A new Wesley story is told by Sir Edward Russell of the Liverpool "Post," who had it from an old lady now living on the Isle of Man. Her great-grandfather once entertained the famous evangelist, John Wesley, and at that time her grandfather was a little boy. He was allowed, as a great honor, to come to dinner, and Wesley patted him on the head at the close of the meal and asked him what he meant to be when he grew up. "I'm going to be a preacher," said the youngster; "there are always such good dinners when the preachers come."—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

$2.00 per annum. In Clubs of ten or more, $1.00 per annum.

EDITORS.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

WILLIAM KENT.

ASSISTANT EDITORS.

EDITH LACKERSTEEN. ELLEN T. LEONARD.
FREDERICK W. BURLINGHAM.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

Hiram W. Thomas. Jane Addams, John W. Chadwick,
Caroline Bartlett Crane. Emil G. Hirsch, E. P. Powell,
Oscar L. Triggs. R. A. White, Joseph Stolz,
E. Hanford Henderson. Frederick Starr. E. Burritt Smith.

The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Cincinnati.—The meeting of the Ohio and Kentucky Unitarian churches at Cincinnati, on the 20th and 21st, illustrated the essential unity of the liberal faiths, which bear many names, for the meetings were addressed by Messrs. Rexford and Blachford, Universalists; Hugo G. Eisenlohr, Evangelical Protestant; David Philipson, Jew, and F. C. Southworth, E. A. Coil, Arthur W. Littlefield, and George A. Thayer, Unitarians. Dr. Rexford of Columbus forcibly urged a close union of Universalists and Unitarians; Mr. Philipson gave an account of the movements to the modern standpoint of the progressive Jewish religious bodies; and other themes discussed were by Mr. Coil, "What the Church Can Do to Make the World Better;" by Mr. Littlefield, "Upon the Catholic and the Protestant Spirit;" by Mr. Southworth, "Upon the Central Emphasis of the Unitarian Church," and Mr. Thayer, "Upon the Intellectual and Social Tendencies of the Age," which were co-operating with the faith of reason.

The Pacific Slope.—It is Boston's loss and Oakland's gain: Rev. B. Fay Mills has taken up the work of the Unitarian Church here on a six months' invitation. With Mills at Oakland and W. D. Simonds at Seattle, we may hope for a re-reading of liberal thought on the Coast, such reading as will make it intelligible to the masses and will take hold of public life. The Unitarian Word and Work for November speaks of four independent societies on the Pacific Coast that are doing good work, and are in excellent condition: One at Los Angeles, one at Portland, Ore., one at Alameda, Cal., and one at Santa Barbara, Cal. Speaking of Mr. Simonds' work at Seattle it says: "He is filling the church with willing and eager congregations, and the Sunday-school work is rapidly growing." * * * Rev. George W. Stone of Kansas City, Mo., is to make a missionary itinery through the Unitarian churches on the Coast after Christmas, under the auspices of the A. U. A. * * * Rev. E. B. Leavitt leaves the Unitarian Church at Washington without a pastor for the sake of taking up the work of the First Church at San Francisco, so long and honorably sustained by Dr. Horatio Stebbins. * * * The Second Church at San Francisco and the Unitarian Church at Redlands are without pastors. * * * An Independent Church has been organized at Santa Rosa, and Rev. Jay William Hudson has accepted its leadership. The Bond of Union associates its members together for "mutual helpfulness, right living and the advancement of sound morals and pure religion." Of the preacher, David Starr Jordan says: "He has the tremendous merit of being thoroughly in earnest and of saying just what he thinks on any subject with which he has to deal."

A Prophetic Word For To-day.

Woe unto those who oppress my weak people,
Woe unto those who shall slay with the sword,
Woe unto those who shall trample the children,
Woe and destruction, 'tis thus saith the Lord.

I will have none of your fasts and oblations,
I will have none of your incense or prayers,
You with your feet on the necks of the lowly,
You who are hunting the weak to their lairs.

Prophesy smoothly, ye priests at your altars,
Judgment confuse with your soft spoken word,
I will confound you—yes, I and none other,
I will have payment, 'tis thus saith the Lord.

Though you exalt yourselves like to the eagle,
Building your nests up among the high stars,
Thence will I cast you oppressors of weakness,
Hurl you far down by the weight of your wars.

You that have made of your brother a stranger,
You that look on in his day of distress,
Eating his substance, or turning his roof-tree,
Sit ye in sackcloth, ye cannot do less.

You that have drunk upon God's holy mountain,
You that have trodden any little ones down,
Turn you from strife, and build up the waste places,
Close up the breaches, nor sack the walled town!

Plant you now vineyards where old ones are trodden,
Make you sweet gardens where children shall be,
Lay the lost babe on the breast of its mother,
Sink your red sword in the depths of the sea.

—HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

A Song of the Road.

Oh, I will walk with you, my lad, whichever way you fare,
You'll have me, too, the side of you, with heart as light as air;
No care for where the road you take's a-leading—anywhere—
It can but be a joyful jaunt the whilst you journey there.
The road you take's the path of love, an' that's the bridth of two—
And I will walk with you, my lad,—Oh, I will walk with you.

Ho! I will walk with you, my lad,
Be weather black or blue,
Or roadsides' frost or dew, my lad—
Oh, I will walk with you.

Aye, glad, my lad, I walk with you, whatever winds may blow.
Or summer blossoms stay our steps, or blinding drifts of snow,
The way that you set face and foot's the way that I will go,
And brave I'll be abreast of you, the saints and angels know.
With loyal hand in loyal hand, and one heart made of two,
Through summer's gold, or winter's cold, it's I will walk with you.

Sure, I will walk with you, my lad,
As love ordains me to—
To heaven's door, and through, my lad,
Oh, I will walk with you.

—*James Whitcomb Riley, in Lippincott.*

A LADY TELLS HOW SHE SUPPORTS HERSELF AND FAMILY.

"I often read of ladies who work hard trying to earn enough to keep body and soul together, and for their benefit I will relate how easily one can get along in the world if they only know how. There is a big firm in Pittsburg that manufactures flavoring powders. I had tried them myself, and knew they were splendid, so sent for samples and tried selling them. I found it so pleasant and easy that I kept right at it and never make less than $3 a day and often clear more than $5. The powders go twice as far as the liquid extracts sold in stores and are much stronger. I sell from one to eight different flavors in each house. They are used for ice cream, custards, cakes, candies, etc., and are so delicate and give such a rich flavor that everywhere I go I gain a permanent customer. Those of your readers who would like to make money can get full particulars by writing to W. H. Baird & Co., Telephone building, Pittsburg, Pa., and they will give you a good start. I support myself and family nicely, and we have a good many comforts we never had before.

"Mrs. L."

East or West, hame is best.

"GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES last longest and use the least fuel."

Now Ready in Pamphlet Form

THE STORY OF THE BIBLE

From the Standpoint of

MODERN SCHOLARSHIP.

The Nine Lectures by W. L. Sheldon which attracted such wide attention in these columns during the months of July and August.

TOPICS DISCUSSED.

1. The English Bible.
2. The Original Bible.
3. Bible and History.
4. Bible and Prophecy.
5. Beliefs About God.
6. Messianic Expectations.
7. The Time of Jesus and the Influences of Jesus on His Time.
8. How the New Testament Grew.
9. The Bible as Poetry and Literature. A Review.

Of the many commendatory words received from the READERS OF UNITY, the following are typical:

From St. Anthony Park, Minn.:

"I take this opportunity of assuring you of the great pleasure and satisfaction I have had from the series of lectures on the Bible this summer. I hope we shall have more of the same kind. They are greatly needed."

From Cedar Rapids, Iowa:

"Wherever the Unity has carried them, I think these lectures must have made a very favorable impression and that many would like to have them in a more permanent form. They present the subject in a very pleasing manner and the simple directness of Mr. Sheldon in this age of extravagant and stilted expression is very gratifying."

From Manchester, N. H.:

"I find myself much interested in the lectures on the history of the Bible, and having read the third one write to ask you to put aside for me copies of Unity containing them until such date as I shall remit their price. If I could have had these lectures sixty or seventy years ago they would have saved some hard thinking."

Neat pamphlet of 184 pages; paper covers; sent postpaid on receipt of price, 30 cents.

Published by
THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

Publications of Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Applied Religion.
- I. A New Help for the Drunkard.....$0.10
- II. Tobacco, the Second Intoxicant.... .10
- III. No Sex in Crime (out of print)..... .10
- IV. Not Institutions but Homes..... .10

The Religions of the World. (First series). 10 cts. each.
- I. Moses, the Hebrew Law Giver....
- II. Zoroaster, the Prophet of Industry
- III. Confucius, the Prophet of Politics
- IV. Buddha, the Light of Asia.....
- V. Socrates, the Prophet of reason..
- VI. Jesus, the Founder of Christianity
- VII. Mohammed, the Prophet of Arabia

Great Hope for Great Souls (out of print).$0.10
The Cause of the Toiler..... .10
The Intellectual Life..... .10
The Dual Mystery { What is Materialism? / What is Spirituality? } .10
The Am. Cong. of Lib. Rel. Soc..... .05
Report of Proceedings of the First Am. Cong. of Lib. Rel. Soc..... .25

The Faith that Makes Faithful, by W. C. GANNETT and JENKIN LLOYD JONES.
- Flexible Morocco, full gilt, in box.....$2.00
- White Vellum, " " " 1.50
- Silk Cloth..... 1.00

A Chorus of Faith, as heard in the Parliament of Religions. A book of selections giving points of harmony between the representatives of the various religions. Edited by JENKIN LLOYD JONES. Cloth.. 1.25
Practical Piety..... Paper $0.10. Cloth.... .30
Ten Great Novels..... .10
The Women's Uprising. A study of the International Congress of Women..... .10
The Selfishness of Grief..... .05
Death as a Friend (new edition)..... .05
The Word of the Spirit. To the Nation, City, Church, Home, Individual..... .50
A Preacher's Vocation..... .05
The Education of the Soul..... .05
The Divinity of Fatherhood..... .10
The Monroe Doctrine Enlarged..... .10

Sent Postpaid on Receipt of Price by

UNITY PUBLISHING CO. - - 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

Unity Enclosures No. I.

THE EDITORIAL ON

"DENOMINATIONAL DISARMAMENT,"

IN ISSUE OF AUGUST 31, 1899.

Printed on thin paper, can be enclosed with your letters. Supplied in packages of ten or more at the rate of 1 cent apiece.

...ADDRESS...

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
3939 Langley Ave., CHICAGO.

"LIFE-HELPS."

1. **A Wayside Prophet.** By Marion D. Shutter.
3. **The House Beautiful.** By William C. Gannett.
4. **Heart-Ache and Heart's-Ease.** By Charles G. Ames.
5. **Beauty of Character.** By Paul B. Frothingham.

Single copy, 6 cents. Ten copies assorted, 50 cents.

Sent post-paid on receipt of price by

UNITY PUBLISHING CO.,
3939 Langley Ave., CHICAGO.

GIFT BOOKLETS.

Culture without College.
House Beautiful.
Each by W. C. GANNETT, and daintily bound in white or tinted paper.....15c.

A Year of Miracle. By W. C. GANNETT. Limp, 50c.; cloth, gilt.....$1.00.

The Cause of the Toiler..... 10c.

The Word of the Spirit. To the Nation, City, Church, Home, Individual.....50c. By JENKIN LLOYD JONES, and in white paper covers.

The Faith that Makes Faithful. By W. C. GANNETT and JENKIN LLOYD JONES. Paper white.....50c

Borrowings. Poems and Selections from Great Authors.....75c.

More Borrowings.....75c.

For Thought and for Remembrance. Dainty gift booklet of poems and selections.....25c.

The Beauty of Kindness. By JAMES VIAL BLAKE.....10c

Sent post-paid on receipt of price by

UNITY PUBLISHING CO.,
3939 Langley Ave., CHICAGO.

SEND NO MONEY WITH YOUR ORDER, cut this ad. out and send to us and we will send you OUR HIGH GRADE DROP CABINET BURDICK SEWING MACHINE by freight, C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest freight depot and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, equal to machines others sell as high as $60.00, and THE GREATEST BARGAIN YOU EVER HEARD OF, pay your freight agent our Special Offer Price $15.50 and freight charges. Machine weighs 120 pounds and the freight will average 75 cents for each 500 miles. GIVE IT THREE MONTHS' TRIAL in your own home, and we will return your $15.50 any day you are not satisfied. We sell different makes and grades of Sewing Machines at $8.50, $10.00, $11.00, $12.00 and up, all fully described in our Free Sewing Machine Catalogue, but $15.50 for this DROP DESK CABINET BURDICK is the greatest value ever offered by any house.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS by unknown concerns who copy our advertisements, offering unknown machines under various names, with various inducements. Write some friend in Chicago and learn who are reliable and who are not.

THE BURDICK has every MODERN IMPROVEMENT, EVERY GOOD POINT OF EVERY HIGH GRADE MACHINE MADE, WITH THE DEFECTS OF NONE. Made by the best makers in America, from the best material money can buy.

This shows the machine closed to be used as a center table, stand or desk.

SOLID QUARTER SAWED OAK DROP DESK CABINET, piano polished. One illustration shows machine closed (head dropping from sight) to be used as a center table, stand or desk, the other open with full length table and head in place for sewing. 4 fancy drawers, latest 1899 skeleton frame, carved, paneled, embossed and decorated cabinet finish, finest nickel drawer pulls, rests on four casters, adjustable treadle, genuine Smyth iron stand. Finest large High Arm head, positive four motion feed, self threading vibrating shuttle, automatic bobbin winder, adjustable bearings, patent tension liberator, improved loose wheel, adjustable pressure foot, improved shuttle carrier, patent needle bar, patent dress guard, head is handsomely decorated and ornamented and beautifully nickel trimmed. GUARANTEED the lightest running, most durable and nearest noiseless machine made. Every known attachment is furnished and our Free Instruction Book tells just how anyone can run it and do either plain or any kind of fancy work. A 20-Years' Binding Guarantee is sent with every machine.

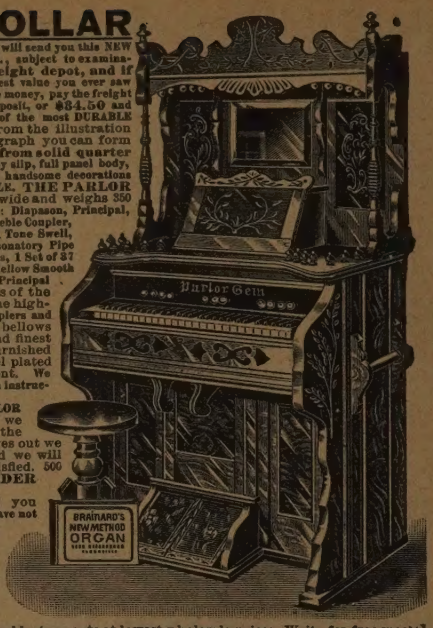
IT COSTS YOU NOTHING to see and examine this machine, compare it with those your storekeeper sells at $40.00 to $60.00, and then if convinced that you are saving $25.00 to $40.00, pay your freight agent the $15.50. WE TO RETURN YOUR $15.50 if at any time within three months you say you are not satisfied. ORDER TO-DAY. DON'T DELAY. (Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.

This illustration shows the machine closed for use.

Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) Chicago, Ill.**

SEND US ONE DOLLAR

Cut this ad. out and send to us with $1.00, and we will send you this NEW IMPROVED PARLOR GEM ORGAN, by freight C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest freight depot, and if you find it exactly as represented, the greatest value you ever saw and far better than organs advertised by others at more money, pay the freight agent OUR PRICE $35.50, less the $1.00 deposit, or $34.50 and freight charges. THE PARLOR GEM is one of the most DURABLE AND SWEETEST TONED instruments ever made. From the illustration shown, which is engraved direct from a photograph you can form some idea of its beautiful appearance. Made from solid quarter sawed oak or walnut as desired, perforated key slip, full panel body, beautiful marquetry design panels and many other handsome decorations and ornaments, making it the VERY LATEST STYLE. THE PARLOR GEM is 6 feet high, 42 inches long, 23 inches wide and weighs 350 pounds. Contains 5 octaves, 11 stops, as follows: Diapason, Principal, Dulciana, Melodia, Celeste, Cremona, Bass Coupler, Treble Coupler, Diapason Forte and Vox Humana; 2 Octave Couplers, 1 Tone Swell, 1 Grand Organ Swell, 4 Sets of Orchestral Toned Resonatory Pipe Quality Reeds, 1 Set of 37 Pure Sweet Melodia Reeds, 1 Set of 37 Charmingly Brilliant Celeste Reeds, 1 Set of 24 Rich Mellow Smooth Diapason Reeds, 1 Set of Pleasing Soft Melodious Principal Reeds. THE PARLOR GEM action consists of the Celebrated Newell Reeds, which are only used in the highest grade instruments; fitted with Hammond Couplers and Vox Humana, also best Dolge felts, leathers, etc., bellows of the best rubber cloth, 3-ply bellows stock and finest leather in valves. THE PARLOR GEM is furnished with a 10x14 beveled plate French mirror, nickel plated pedal frames, and every modern improvement. We furnish free a handsome organ stool and the best organ instruction book published.



GUARANTEED 25 YEARS. With every PARLOR GEM ORGAN we issue a written binding 25-year guarantee, by the terms and conditions of which if any part gives out we repair it free of charge. Try it one month and we will refund your money if you are not perfectly satisfied. 500 of these organs will be sold at $35.50. ORDER AT ONCE. DON'T DELAY.

OUR RELIABILITY IS ESTABLISHED If you have not dealt with us ask your neighbor about us, write the publisher of this paper or Metropolitan National Bank, or Corn Nat. Bank, of Chicago; or German Exchange Bank, New York; or any railroad or express company in Chicago. We have a capital of over $700,000.00, occupy entire one of the largest business blocks in Chicago, and employ nearly 2,000 people in our own building. WE SELL ORGANS AT $22.00 and up; PIANOS, $115.00 and up; also everything in musical instruments at lowest wholesale prices. Write for free special organ, piano and musical instrument catalogue. Address, (Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Fulton, Desplaines and Wayman Sts., **CHICAGO, ILL.**

Faster than ever to California

Chicago-Union Pacific & North-Western Line

THE OVERLAND LIMITED leaves Chicago 6.30 p. m. daily, arrives San Francisco afternoon of third day and Los Angeles next morning. No change of cars; all meals in Dining Cars. Buffet Smoking and Library Cars with barber. The best of everything. The Pacific Express leaves 10.30 p. m. daily. Tourist Sleepers every day and personally conducted excursions every Thursday. Ticket offices, 193 Clark Street and Wells Street Station.

TWO FAST TRAINS

Completely equipped with Sleeping, Dining and Cafe Parlor Cars leave Chicago daily via. Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth. Complete information can be obtained from your nearest ticket agent.

JAS. C. POND, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Milwaukee, Wis.

LEND A HAND .....CALENDAR 1900

TWELVE FINE HALF-TONES OF

EDW. EVERETT HALE,

With Extracts from His Writings and Pen Autographs.

PRICE 75 CENTS.

MAILED ON RECEIPT OF PRICE BY

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Ave., CHICAGO.

California in Three Days

Via Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern Line. "The Overland Limited" leaves Chicago daily at 6:30 p. m., reaches San Francisco evening of the third day and Los Angeles the next afternoon, no change of cars. all meals in dining cars "a la carte," buffet smoking and library cars, with barber. "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago daily at 10;30 p. m., reaches San Francisco the fourth morning. Through tourist sleeping cars every day in the year between Chicago, California and Oregon. Personally conducted excursions every Thursday. Tourist car rate to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland, $6. For tickets, reservations and full particulars apply to W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago.

YOU WILL REALIZE THAT "THEY LIVE WELL WHO LIVE CLEANLY," IF YOU USE

SAPOLIO

ILLINOIS CENTRAL

Runs Two Solid Vestibuled Trains Daily

DIAMOND SPECIAL NIGHT TRAIN

DAYLIGHT SPECIAL DAY TRAIN

between Chicago and St. Louis.

Free Reclining Chair Cars, Parlor-Café Cars, Pullman Buffet Open and Compartment Sleeping Cars. See that your ticket between Chicago and St. Louis Reads via Illinois Central Railroad. It can be obtained of your local ticket agent.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Ill. Cent. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

The leading musical institution of America. Founded 1853. Unsurpassed advantages in composition, vocal and instrumental music, and elocution. *George W. Chadwick, Musical Director.* Pupils received at any time. For prospectus address FRANK W. HALE, General Manager, Boston, Mass.

ONLY $2.75

SEND NO MONEY. Cut this ad. out, and send to us, state your weight and height, also number of inches around body at bust and neck, and we will send this BEAUTIFUL FUR TRIMMED BEAVER CLOTH CAPE to you by express, C.O.D., subject to examination. You can examine and try it on at your nearest express office and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented and the most wonderful value you ever saw or heard of, pay the express agent our special offer price $2.75, and express charges. Express charges will average 40 to 60 cents for each 1,000 miles. THIS CAPE IS LATEST STYLE FOR FALL and WINTER, made from an extra fine and heavy all wool black or blue genuine Raritan Beaver cloth, 27 inches long, very full sweep, 13-inch upper cape, extra full. Upper cape and large storm collar, beautifully trimmed with black Baltic seal fur; upper cape trimmed with three rows and collar with two rows of fine mohair braid; cloth button ornaments. This cape is fine tailor made throughout and equal to capes that sell at more than double the price. Write for free Cloak Catalogue.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO

(Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.

"BIG FOUR"

THREE GREAT TRAINS.

"KNICKERBOCKER SPECIAL"
BETWEEN
ST. LOUIS, INDIANAPOLIS, CLEVELAND, CINCINNATI, NEW YORK and BOSTON.

"SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED"
BETWEEN
CINCINNATI, COLUMBUS, CLEVELAND, NEW YORK and BOSTON.

"WHITE CITY SPECIAL"
BETWEEN
CINCINNATI, INDIANAPOLIS and CHICAGO.

E. O. McCORMICK, Pass. Traffic Mgr. D. B. MARTIN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

Excellent Fall Fishing and Hunting

In Northern Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, reached via the Northwestern Line. Low rate tourist tickets on sale with favorable return limits. Best of train service. For tickets and descriptive pamphlet, apply to W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

The best cure for Cough, Weak Lungs, Indigestion, Inward Pains and the ills of the Feeble and Aged. Combining the most active medicines with Ginger, it exerts a curative power over disease unknown to other remedies, and is in fact the most revitalizing, life-giving combination ever discovered. Weak Lungs, Rheumatism, Female Debility, and the distressing ills of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are dragging many to the grave who would recover health by its timely use.